Spock's swollen organ sprang free and he gasped. At the sound a leaf of sensation uncurled up the midline of Kirk's belly. His own cock twitched protestingly against his shorts. Wait your turn, he told it. He took Spock's head in his hands and pulled his mouth down. Dry lips. Slick procelain texture of teeth, tongue avoiding his. No response, but his own body was singing and he used that for his guide. He slid to his knees before Spock, eased his pants down, exploring with his eyes. Spock's cock was an arrow of desire, green as a willow-leaf, pointed right at him.

"Beautiful," he breathed. He rubbed his cheek up Spock's thigh, abrading with the rough texture of day-old beard, turned his head to stroke across Spock's belly with his chin, the cock nudging him under his jaw. Rough stroke down the other thigh. He imagined Spock doing that to him. Jesus.

He was intolerant of clothing suddenly. He skinned his shirt off and tossed it, tugged impatiently, awkwardly until he got Spock's boots off, jerked his pants down, braced the uncooperative body against the wall with his shoulder and undressed him like a child. Spock's hands were flat against the wall, his body tense, his cock straining, straining....

Kirk's shoulder burned and throbbed where it had touched Spock. His palms glowed. He wanted to turn himself inside out and match skin for skin so that there would be no part of the Vulcan he didn't enclose, contain, caress. He climbed Spock's body with kisses and pressed close as he slid Spock's shirt up, drawing the fabric from between their perfectly matched flesh. Heat flashed from Spock's body to his as he trapped Spock's raised arms momentarily in the shirt to nose an armpit, kiss the hollow of the throat, pierce the elegant ear with his tongue and was gone again as Spock dropped the shirt.

Spock shivered under the multiple attack, and as Kirk bent to kiss the green-gold nipples, nipping their raised nubs, Spock's hands settled on his shoulders, began to grip. Kirk connected the nipples with a stroke of his tongue, then drew another from Spock's collarbone to his naval, a cross of cold. The hands pressed him down.

On his knees he took the straining cock into his mouth, tested the smooth texture of the head, the hot salt flavor of it, the spring-steel tension. He could hear Spock pant, feel the tremors in his thighs, his prick. God, how could he hold back? Kirk ovaled his lips and took the whole length of the cock in his mouth, his throat. Spock moaned.

Kirk withdrew, slowly, slowly, letting Spock feel his teeth, stretching the cock, lips open, room's air cold, his own breath hot, tongue boring the tip. Every gift from every lover he'd had, every caress he had planned to offer Dray T'serek, he gave now to Spock.

"Let it happen," he said, his willing lips an inch away from Spock's pulsing organ. "I want you I love you. Let it happen."

Spock hung on the razor's edge of indecision.

Kirk reached for his wrists, forced his hands up, and guided the fingers to his temples. He bent again and quickly took the whole slick shaft into his mouth. Spock's fingers firmed, points of fire on Kirk's face, fire in his brain. Let it happen, Kirk thought as he sucked. He slid his hands down the backs of Spock thighs then up to cup his ass, urge his hips forward. Let it happen. When they exploded--white fountain of fire, nova in space--he wasn't even sure which one of them had come.

Kirk came back to individual awareness feeling warm and relaxed as a cat. His head was in Spock's lap and the Vulcan was watching him with eyes from which all the fevered glitter had faded.

"You look like a madonna, Spock."

The Vulcan's lips curved in an effortless smile and Kirk's heart turned over. I taught him that

"I feel like one. Long labor, perfect fruit."

Kirk would have been content to drift against Spock's warmth forever, but that was lotus-eating. "What now?" he asked.

"I do not know, Captain. On Vulcan there is no cessation of the fever. Perhaps your relief while we were linked has given me a respite. I cannot say how long it will last. Eventually the pon farr demands consumation--or death."

"You mean you really don't know what to expect?"

"On Vulcan it is not spoken of, until there is need. I surmise some mental stimulus of the female turns the agressive drive to procreation. You see why I must go. Before I only feared. Now I know I would seek you out. I do not wish for you--what S'Tyge did to me."

Full realization of the significance of the shuttlecraft swept over Kirk and he sat up in protest "It wouldn't be like that. I won't let you go. We'll find a way. I've managed a few secret meetings aboard this ship before."

The Vulcan smiled fondly. "I know--but you must see that this is different."

"It certainly is." Kirk settled back against Spock's thigh, rubbing his head against it, "Nice." He turned his head and said, "How would it be if I kissed your belly button?" Smiled when Spock's stomach muscles tightened involuntarily. Dropped his eyes to where Spock's cock arched from its thicket of curls.

"Jim, I cannot think when you--"

"I'll just look. I won't do a thing," said Kirk wickedly.

"It is what I will do!" said the goaded Vulcan on a note of desperation. The pain in his voice brought Kirk to his knees to offer a penitent kiss.

"I'm sorry."

"Perhaps we could discuss this--more rationally--if I dressed."

Acquiesing, Kirk looked away while Spock resumed his pants and boots. His euphoria was fading. Spock was right. It wouldn't be easy, with some maniac stalking the ship, with T'serek burning in their minds like the proverbial tiger, but whatever it cost, they were already committed.

Spock had found his shirt, was offering Kirk the command gold he had so casually tossed aside. "There is one other thing the Captain should be aware of." His formal tone put a distance between them in the close quarters. "Since my return from Ixmahx I have been suffering blackouts. I cannot recall my actions during the times the two murders occurred."